distemper. Over the dining table hangs suspended from the celling an ornamental straw cock. The family go singing to and from the table, while a light is left burning the entire night, and should it accidentally go out, some one in the house will surely die during the coming year.

In Sweden and Denmark the Yule-Klapp a Christmas box inclosed in innumerable wrappers and labeled with the name of the person for whom it was intended, is suddenly thrown into the room by some unseen, mysterious messenger, who accompanies it with a loud rap upon the door. The Yuleklapp is often accompanied by a biting epigram or satirical allusion, like the valen-

In the larger towns and cities, as in Stockholm, they hold a great fair. The shops are richly decorated and splendidly minated There are family reunions, where children receive their presents and Yule klapps, while in the midst of the festive scene rises a Christmas tree with its rich burden of flowers, fruit and sweetmeats, and brilliant with burning wax lights.

In Walsted's "History of Kent" it is said select eight of the largest and best whitings out of every boat when they came home from fishing. These eight were sold apart from the rest and the money devoted to make a feast on every Christmas day, which was called a rumbald.

nd table, the three-legged stools and the one chair are removed from the neighin an obscure corner, a custom wonderfully significant of times when "iron and

"In Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Cornwall and Devon," says Mr. Howitt, "the old tries. In Cornwall they still exhibit the old dance of St. George and the dragon. A actors and performed the whole ancient drama, personating St. George, the King of Egypt, the fair Sabra (the king's daughter), the doctor and other characters with great energy and rude verses"

A STRANGE CUSTOM. In Devon they still bless the orchards on Christmas eve according to the o

Wassall the trees, that they may bear You many a plum, and many a pear; For more or less fruits they will bring

As you do give them wassailing. In some places they walk in procession to the principal orchards in the parish. In each certain form of words. Then they sprinkle against it. In other places only the farmer and after immersing cakes in cider pronounce their incantation and then go home

In Germany the custom is somewhat different. Some one of the family in a state of nudity goes at midnight on Christmas eve to bind the fruit trees with ropes of crumbs from the table cloth around their roots in order that they may become more fruitful. In the Tyrol the fruit trees, for a similar reason, are soundly beaten. In Bohemia they are violently shaken during the time of the midnight mass, while in other localities they are regaled with the remains of the Christmas supper, to which they have been previously invited.

In reading Barrie's "Auld Light Idylls" the writer came across the following custom, which is given in Barrie's own words: come by holding cock fights in the old school. This was at Yule, and the same to the dominie for the privflege of seeing k killed there. The dominie was the master of the sports, assisted by the neighboring farmers, some of whom might be elders of the church. Three rounds were fought. By the end of the first round all the cocks had fought, and the victors were then pitted against each other. The cocks that survived the second round were eligible for the third, and the dominie, beside his shilling, got every cock killed. Sometimes, if all stories be true, the spectators were fighting with each other before the third round concluded." George Wither, a poet of the seventeenth century, thus describes the manner in which Christmas was observed in his time. A portion of the poem is given:

Each room with ivy leaves is drest
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be marry. And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke And Christmas blocks are burning; And all their spits are turning. Vithout the door let sorrow lie, And if for cold it hap to die, We'll bury't in Christmas pie, And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim, And no man minds his labor; Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabor. Young men and maids, and girls and boys Give life to one another's joys; And you anon shall by their noise Perceive that they were merry.

Now poor men to their justices a capons make their errants; And if they hap to fail of these,

They plague them with their warrants.

But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer;

For Christmas comes but once a year, And then they shall be merry.

The client now his suit forbears, The prisoner's heart is eased, The debtor drinks away his cares. And for the time is pleased. gh others' purses be more fat Why should we pine or grieve at that?

Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,

And therefore let's be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days, Should we, I pray, be duller? No, let us sing some roundelays, To make our mirth the fuller: nd while we thus inspired sing. Let all the streets with echoes ring. lear witness we are merry.

A NATURAL DEATH.

A Bellamy Society Falls to Pieces as Matter of Course.

The Hiawatha Co-operative Colony, oranised two years ago on the Bellamy principle, will disband. The dispatch announcing it says that the colony started with communities is that they ignore hustablished apparently on the theory that the members are men unfallen; others on the theory that they are fallen angels. Both are wrong. They are human bengs, neither angels nor devils. Their etites and passions are stronger than by religious faith or a philosophy at requires more sacrifice than any considerable number of persons can sustain without such a faith. Nor would it suffice to rm such communities of persons who have se is a community of aged persons in whom there is a return to the capricious nature, the dissolving personality encum-bered with a weight of prejudices that have

#### LAND OF CLEANLINESS

Delightful, There Are Some Drawbacks-Making Porcelain.

Hague Letter in Hartford Courant. It is sheer desecration to write about Holland unless you use a new pen and freshly broken quire of paper. You may not feel so at first; perhaps in the arrogance of your Anglo-Saxon superiority you may even laugh such an idea to scorn But only stay in the country three days, and, unless you are a paragon of all that which tradition has called the cardinal virtue after godliness, your conscience will and join company-in the lowest place-with the people about you, whose tutelary divinty is the everlastingly clean. And what a tyranny they are under, to be sure.

All one can say is that they seem really enjoy their fanaticism; they certainly resort to the most fanciful means of satisfying the demands of their soap-anda whole day with pumice and sand paper putz pomade and chamois, a-scrubbing the brass doorplate, staircase and front sidewalk, which has hardly recovered from a previous application of hot water; children the car door, the rugs and umbrellas are spend their play hours sweeping dead handed out and the car jolts along down leaves into the canal; weak old men are busy touching up the green flower pots in the windows, in each of which grow exactly three geraniums like an inverted equilateral triangle; while, over all, presides the good mevrouw, the aqueous despot of her own | New York Mail and Express. household and the high priestess of the whole cleanly cult. DISCOURAGING TO VISITORS.

Now this highly developed sense of neatness and order is a fine thing to see existing in any race, but it has its drawbacks. After a trip on the choppy North sea and a fourhour night ride afterward you are conscious of being anything but a welcome visitor as you land at the hotel in Amsterdam. Long ago, when the steamer was executing its wildest dance, you began to have some doubt as to your ultimate presentibility. When you landed, perhaps, you made some furtive attempt to arrange your dirordered cierge and the maid sniffing disdainfully and handling your traps as if they were cholera-infected, your assumed jauntiness wilts nstantly, you rush away with rage in your heart, but end by humbly bowing to fate; and you throw off your ruffled garments, never appearing until a dress sui and white tie have taken the place of your traveling things. And even then you feel aacter, as you mincingly tiptoe down the tiled corridor to the dining room. Yes, Dutch cleanliness may be interesting-even participated in. It is too severe a test for our belief in the perfectness of your early raining and present personal inclination; tendency to creep unostentatiously

world to stroll about the streets of about you. The canals and the windsurprised rather at their absence, but in the scroll-shaped gables of the houses, the long perspectives of graceful willows, the glimpses you occasionally catch of sanded floors and arching fireplaces, all glowing from the peat fires, you have a succession genre pictures of a certain type, that are a delight and a relief after the superficial is nothing splendid here; it is all quaint homelike and "just dear," from the

That is what makes Holland so tractive to every one. We like to see canal boats with their muslin curtains and carved rudder heads being turned into clad pirates as they do at home; you apcoat-tails at morning inspection at the Hague; and it is also good to see the farmers tucking the long dusters under the cow's necks, so that they will not catch cold as they lie on damp grass. The pictures you have seen in the Dresden and Paris galleries—the genial, almost comical scenes of the Dutch life of past days have endeared you to the country unawares. The rollicking topers and broad-cheeked, ruddy women who crowd the canvases of Teniers, Dow or Jan Steen are much pleasanter acquaintances than the languld peasantry of Watteau and Nicholas Poussin; you are sure they will become good friends as well, and when you see them in real life unchanged even in costume, you greet them most cordially, men-tally at least, inscribing their names and that of their country nearer your heart than any other except the one three thou-sand miles away. Nowhere else does one enjoy such a real home feeling. Their lan-guage is absolutely incomprehensible and some of their customs are not modeled exactly after American ideas, but all the same veldt or William, the Silent, and a hate for | sequence, he was nominated for the sake of the Spanish race in your heart quite as in-tense as that felt by any sturdy burgher beside you; and you doff your cap to cheer as lustily as the best of them when the little queen rides along from her little pal-ace to the park out toward Scheviningen.

A DAY AT DELFT. One of the most delightful days we spent in Holland was at Delft, a suburb of The Hague. You take the tramway at the hotel door-the car waits while its conductor comes down to show you the best way across a mud-puddle, and in an hour's time you are there. The car jogs leisurely along through the city streets, halts for a moment at a draw over a canal, while a clumsy barge, whose red sail flaps helplessly in the motionless air, creeps through, poled along by a couple of boys in ample trousers; then the bridge is closed again and you con-tinue on your way along a macadam road that is a continual delight in its straight. ness and cleanliness. On either side stretch away a succession of brilliant green fields, marked off into squares and rectangles by ditches or rows of willows. Speckled cattle and sheep lumber heavily away dully scared by the rattle of the cars; their keepers look up from their comfortable resting places, but, unless the beasts have gone quite beyond recall, settle themselves again, per-fectly confident that the honor of their charges will prevent any trespass on a neighboring freehold. In the distance a windmill is busily whirling, its long wings stretching up perhaps a hundred feet into

In Delft itself the chief attraction fo leave the tram at the Oude Kerk, as they call it, cross the parade ground where William, the Silent, lost his life, and then, after threading a maze of narrow lanes, arrive at the door of the building in question. Once inside you are taken to a sort of ante-room where you are asked to register and leave your canes or umbrellas. Here is displayed the magnificent collecing it says that the colony started with glowing prospects, but gradually the members became dissatisfied, and the property will be divided. The difficulty with all of the communities is that they will be communities in their displayed the magnificent collection of old Delft ware presented to the firm by the late King William. I forget the value placed upon it, but it was something fabulous, especially since in it are preserved examples of all the antique shapes and shades of color that made the ware so famous in bygone days, and which serve as models now. Every piece is perfect, too-a "first." so they are the more valuable on that account. By the way, never buy any Delft that is not of the darkest shades of blue. That color is the rarest and the hardest to get perfect, so being greatly superior to any other.

THE FINAL TOUCHES. Next we saw the various processes by which the crude clay is given its final form. lived until the fires burn low in the grate; They use molds altogether, except for the for of all classes the most difficult to har-They use molds altogether, except for the which the potters turn out on their wheels ness of early life without occupation, and merely for fun. The clay is spread out thin with individual habits stronger than the first and fitted into one side of the mold and a merely for fun. The clay is spread out thin corresponding piece is placed on the other | had done in Berlin. attained the strength and rigidity of chains.
Communities are predestined failures, and the whole Beliamy system, from one end to the other, is but a doctrinaire schoolman's tale, the wonder of an hour, already gone glimmering through the dream of things wall built up in front of the oven, and cool the piece for a whole week before they unlock the mold and glaze the piece inside. There are two little holes left in the false wall built up in front of the oven, and there, she is going to look for her till she finds her, and then—she doesn't know through them you can catch glimpses of the

vases are then glazed and dried, and at that stage are ready for the design to be applied. Upstairs is the room where the from the boys who are just learning to they are limited; they use water colors entirely, too, a kind of sepia tint that turns to the desired blue after being baked. Landscapes are the choicest designs in or-dinary Delft. The festoons and shell-like figures, while quite as effective, are, neverin the conception and execution.

into which the pottery may be fashioned Plates, of course, of every description dinner services down to napkin rings Goose stories and other similar illustrated shown an ordinary screw press and a square

conclerge of the Hotel des Indes peers in

#### LINCOLN'S MODESTY. A Letter Showing That His Feeling Was Sincere.

Lincoln has always been represented as an extremely humble man, possessing a retiring disposition and a most unostentatious demeanor. Some have, however, been unhumility to a consummate artfulness by ter of Mr. Lincoln's written in 1859. This letter has just come to the surface, and furand motives of the martyr President.

The circumstances connected with the writing of the letter are about as follows: Lincoln's name had been mentioned among a select few, who knew his real available Republican candidate for the presidency. One of his warmest personal admirers was Mr. T. J. Pickett, who was editor of the Republican, in Rock Island, Ill., and an active worker in behalf of human liberty. Mr. Pickett seemed to have impressed, as if by inspiration, with the idea that Abraham Lincoln was the one Union from the fearful abyss of secession demolition. The more he meditated upon the matter the stronger became his conviction of the correctness of this view of the case. At last, under an impulse that seemed almost irresistible, he wrote to Mr. incoln in a confidential vein, enthusiasthe man of destiny. In this letter Mr. Pickett suggested that Lincoln should go to Rock Island and deliver a lecture, and then leave it to Pickett and his friends to bring his name prominently before the peo-

This was certainly a tempting offer, and as flattering as it was tempting. It should be noted that this offer was made only fourfidential friends. The suggestion of this letter was, therefore, a direct appeal to whatever of ambition he might possess. But how did he receive it? The answer is best given in his own response, written as fol-"Springfield, Ill., April 16, 1859.

"Mr Dear Sir-Yours of the 13th is just received. My engagements are such that I

ion, I must, in candor, say I do not think myself fit for the presidency. I certainly am flattered and gratified that some partial I really think it best for our cause that no concerted effort such as you suggest should made. Let this be considered confider tial. Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN." This letter certainly possesses a rare historical value. It should be purchased by the government and hung in some appro-priate place in the Capitol. No one can estimate the salutary influence which such a by a confessedly great man would exert upon those who are given to inordinate vanproportion to their real merits. There is nothing here that savors of "the devil's darling sin, the pride that apes humility. The stamp of sincerity is upon every word and the sentiment is so hearty and wholesome that it comes to the fevered brow of selfish ambition and envious rivalry with the refreshing touch of a cooling breeze from the sea, across sands that are ablaze with the heat of summer big for his abilities, we would advise him to read this letter, especially the frank confession, fourteen months before the nomination, "I do not think myself fit for the presidency." He thought more of the cause than he did of the nomination, and, in con-

## TALE OF A SPOON.

to Be Stolen.

Philadelphia Times. Mrs. Egbert Jones, of Birmingham, Ala. spent last year in Berlin, and one cold day in January, while walking along Friedrich street she saw some pretty souvenir coffee spoons displayed in a shop window. Stepping in she bought one, thinking it would make a nice addition to her collection as well as serve for a reminder of a pleasant sojourn in Berlin. She slipped purchase into the pocket of the heavy cloak she was wearing, and after a visit to the museum reurned to the hotel. Removing her cloak, she threw it across the foot of the bed and went down to lunch. When she returned she found the chambermaid, a stolid looking typical German girl of the peasant class, in the act of hanging the cloak in the armoir. As the door opened the girl gave a start, and it seemed to Mrs. Jones that her red face became a trifle redder. "Are you nervous, Augusta?" she asked kindly, and muttersomething about not being well, the Mrs. Jones, bethinking her of the spoon she had bought, ran her hand down into the cloak pocket, but to her dismay no spoon was forthcoming. The purse in the other pocket was intact, but nowhere she find the small parcel containing the spoon. Recalling Augusta's guilty start and flush Mrs. Jones conceived the idea that the girl had abstracted the spoon and had been surprised before finding the purse Hastily ringing the bell, which was answered in a tew moments by Augusta, Mrs. Jones without circumlocution accused her of the theft. The girl broke down at once and with sobs protested her innocence. Mrs. Jones urged her to confess and re-store the stolen article, promising forgive-ness in case she did so, but at length finding her obstinate in her denial, and being moved by her representations that she would lose her character and be turned on the street should this be known, Mrs. Jones consented to forego prosecution, but sternly ordered the girl not to serve her room again, and when she left Berlin the liberal donation she was in the habit of giving those who served her well jingled in the rough palm of another maid-not Augusta. Now comes the strange part of the story. On Friday, becoming sensible of the early

autumn chill in the air, Mrs. Jones opened

a large cedar chest in which she had

other things came across the heavy cloak

she had worn in Germany. Examining it closely to see whether the festive moth

had gotten in his fine work on the fur bor-

dering the garment, she felt something hard

in one corner between the lining and the

outside. With a premonition of what she was going to find, she caught up a pair of scissors and snipped a few threads. Out

What did she do? Why, first of all,

packed away her winter clothes, and among

fell a small paper parcel, and opening it she saw the round face of the "Great Elector" looking up at her from the bowl of the little gold coffee spoon just as it often wonder, complains of this people's laziness and especially of their many festas; but to one making a stay in Italy sat down in a rocking chair and had a good cry, and now she says she is going to un-dertake a pilgrimage to Berlin with peas and sympathizing with the people it is these very festas that seem to constitute an immense element of happiness in the life of this simple peasantry. One day in without a weather prophet, taking the

#### CHEERFUL ITALIANS

Easy Life in the Towns in Contrast with the Farming Regions.

Correspondence New York Evening Post. A summer in Italy leaves one with a very different feeling about the people-the socalled lower classes, I mean-from any impressions that winter may give. Life in the towns for the poor is difficult to analyze. At times one feels that it is harder than elsewhere, that the poverty is more universal and the suffering greater. At others, one realizes that the temperament of the people is so sunny, so cheerful, so free from complicated wants, that one cannot estiknown among ourselves. Seeing them in the bright winter days, with all their gayety and joy in life, and knowing that a dish of macaroni costing 4 cents is all they want to eat, that it matters little to them whether they have wine to drink with i or not, one feels that their simplicity of taste, permitting them to indulge in all the laziness of which they are capable, gives them alleviations which a more industrious and energetic race could not understand. In this little valley, on a western slope of the Apennines, it was my good fortune to meet a lady of one of the old Italian families. She is one of those graceful, dramat-

ic people who make converse with them a delight, and her words showed me, as had never realized, how difficult it is to see clearly and judge sarely conditions differing so completely from our own. She said one day, "I heard you speaking to my sister of giving bread and molasses to the children in the schools at Naples. It amused me much. Can you believe that they do not care much for the molasses, that some picturesque object in the landscape, a bright day on the Chiaga, are more to them than food and drink?" Sh told me many tales of the people, some generous enough to attribute this external of which are so entertaining and so characteristic that I must relate them.

of Naples by a beggar, who asked for a soldo. She replied that she had no change, and, beside, did not approve of giving on the streets. He said, "Ah, Contessa, on such a day, with such a sun, to refuse a little gift for charity's sake!" She gave him 5 francs—so aesthetic a nature should not go unappreciated.

Once on her arrival in Naples she happened to be walking to her hotel, and the facchino who carried her baggage gratefully received two francs for it. She said, "Come back to-morrow to take my bags to the station and you shall have as much." "Ah, no, madame," he replied, "I have enough now to live on for a week. You must find another facchino." It seems that the Piedmontese are called

'barbarlans" in Naples because they work and are energetic and enterprising. One of these "barbarians," interested in introducing trams into Naples, thought he would be doing much good by giving the sweeping of the tracks to some of the idle men about the quays. He hired several, who were to get a lira a day for sweeping each fifty meters three times a day. Not very onerous! Before a month was over back they came to the office with a cheerful, "Here are your brooms, take them back. It is too much bother. We have to think again, and besides, it is too tiring, this sweeping." So they went gayly back to their usual occupation of sitting in their baskets on the Chiaga, watching the sea and sky and talking endlessly. WAS MADE HAPPY.

A friend of mine met a knife-grinder on a country road and persuaded him to sharpen his knife. He seemed very little interested in the opportunity to earn something, and had to be shown the puddles from which to get the necessary water. When asked, "How much?" he replied "Quanto vuola-what you like." My friend gave him 4 cente, cannot, at any very early day, visit Rock Island to deliver a lecture or for any other whereupon he remarked that now he should be able to sleep in a bed to-night. When he also gave him two cigars the man was speechless with joy.

the agricultural side of this people's life in quiet, little-known valleys of northern Italy, and more and more have they impressed us by their industry and amiability, For friendliness, perhaps, they have no equals except the Irish peasantry, and for indefatigable labor of the most arduous and detailed and menial kind surely they cannot be surpassed. Every available foot of land, sometimes reclaimed from the barren rock, sometimes, as here, lying along the river bank in flats drained by little canals cut deep in the

soil, bears witness, in its perfect neatness of cultivation, to the patient labor of this Women were to be seen every day in the Val Malenco, not far from Bormio carrying on their backs huge baskets of manure for fields hundreds of feet above the valleys, up steep zigzag paths. Every few yards a rest is necessary, and the weight is temporarily removed by resting the baskets upon the low stone walls, against which the tired bearers themselves lean. Thus they gradually, but always cheerfully, get their burdens up the mountainsides. In other places, these baskets may be seen full of earth which is to cover some rocky plateau a few yards square, and make it ready for planting, in the south, with olive or fruit trees, and in the north with flax or grass. Here we are in a region of chestnut tree The immense groves cover the hillsides all about us, the leaves turning to warm gold in the damp ripening of this rainy October. and in the yellow light they cast men, women and children may be seen busy laying in stores for the winter; for these nuts, far larger than ours, but in a raw state not nearly so sweet, are the chief staple of food to many of the peasantry of the region. A little three-pronged rake is used to collect the burrs, and a sort of wooden mallet for opening them, as well as a sharp curved blade for cutting those not yet open. On every walk one is sure to meet women and children with the great bags poised on their heads, the graceful head erect with its burden, while the lithe body sways rythmically at each firm step. The nuts are dried in little stone houses curiously built for the purpose, with no windows, the only opening being the door. A man on a ladder was just placing his bag in a loft as I looked in in the twilight one day. He explained that the floor of this loft was a sort of open network to let the heat through. Below a door opened, and I was shown the great glowing logs which are kept constantly burning till November, when the nuts are dry. When dry the nuts are taken to the mills to be ground, and, as many of the peasants

have no money, the miller is paid in three or four kilogrammes of the flour for his labor. I tasted a little of last year's flour in a cottage one day and found it agreeable-quite unique in flavor. It is very nourishing, and the peasants show in their healthy coloring a better condition than those whose chief food is either polenta or

NATIVE TRAITS.

Such a gracious, charming people as these Italians are to talk with, such spontaneous, invariable courtesy as one meets. They are ready to cross meadows innumerable to show you a shorter path home or an easier way down to the valley, and one Contadino insisted on giving me all the milk I wanted, although he had to milk it from a restless cow in a tiny shell cup of mine which held a couple of spoonfuls, perhaps. I could not persuade him to accept the pennies I offered until finally, not to seem ungracious, he took them and gave them to the small gir: who had patiently tried to quiet the impatient cow by clinging to her horns. As a rule, they have not a very keen sense of humor. In the many cases where they expressed intense surprise at seeing me walking alone, exclaiming in astonishment "Sola!" I could never get any reason from them why I should not be alone till one old man, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Are you not afraid of the bears and wolves up there?" pointing to a beautiful, bare, open hillside high above us, called by the people an "alp," where I had been enjoying the view in company with a herd of amiable cows grazing under the care of some little

land of such hard work as America (although how he can refrain from comparing our roads and stone walls with those of Italy to the advantage of the latter I

THERE IT IS!



THERE'S WHERE THE.



# Furniture Business

Of Indianapolis Is Done!

There's where you are sure to buy something that's useful. Don't stop to count your money. You can have all the time you want to pay the bill.

Bamboo Music Cabinets. 89c	Brass Banquet \$1.49	Artistic Pictures69c	Fancy Easels48c
Handsome Silk Lamp Shade 69c	Oak Parlor 98c	Exquisite Music \$10	Leather Seat S2.25
Mahogany Finish 98c Reception Chairs. 98c	Fancy Vase \$1.00	Oak Writing \$2.98	Decorated Dinner Sets\$6.00
Five-piece Parlor Suite, \$19.00	Child's Rockers85c	Fur Rugs\$3.50	Carpet Hassocks50c
Oak Hall \$7.50	Rattan S1.48	Oak Sideboards\$10.50	Corduroy \$4.75

### Only One-Price Furniture House in Indianapolis.

71 and 73 West Wash. St.



32, 34, 36 Kentucky Ave.

every week always, sometimes two or three

is good to be alive. found a deserted village-not a man, woman or child was to be seen; but when I reached the church I found them all, the men on one side, the women on the other, while the porch and all about the door was filled with mothers with babies, listening to an earnest and, it apepared from the attitude of all, an eloquent preacher. As stood there, the sermon finished, the or gan struck up a gay waltz, the accolytes lighted the candles and the priest in front of the altar changed from one gorgeou robe to another still more gorgeous, and all the people stood or knelt in rapt delight. As I returned through the village an hour or two later, the whole community, seeming to be in its natural element, was enjoying this beautiful Sunday out of doors in the bright sunlight, the boys at games, the grown people on their doorsteps, all smiling, all gay, with a nod and a "buon giorno" to every passer-by to every passer-by

"Man does not live by bread alone," we are taught, and one's theories undergo some upsetting in traveling about the world. Comparisons are futile if not impossible, but it is well to grow to know that a peo so gentle, so hard-working, so kind to their children—I have scarcely heard a child's cry since I came to Italy—and to perceive that, in spite of great poverty and hardship, they have some sort of light within that makes life, on the whole, seem very well worth

Brother Gardner Suppresses an Orator-New Weather Prophet Wanted.

The Hon. Abraham Wintersmith, the colored orator of West Virginia, had written that he would be present at the Saturday-night meeting of the Lime-Kiln Club, says the Detroit Free Press, and deliver his celebrated lecture on: "The White Man; Has He Come to Stay?" The honorable did not show up, however, and after waiting fifteen minutes over the hour for opening Brother Gardner arose and observed that he would give home talent an opportunity to glorify itself.

There were many orators in the club, many prominent subjects, and such a programme as he had suggested would tend to increase confidence, and rescue oratory from the swamp into which the last Legislature had consigned it. He thought it might be a good thing for Judge Chewso to

The judge, who is a one-story-and-basement man, weighing 220 pounds, and being sprung in both knees from lifting waternelons over high fences, arose, removed his coat, pushed up his sleeves, cleared his throat with a sound like a tin pan rolling along a graveled roof and began: "Ladies an' gem'len, I-"Dar am no ladies present!" interrupted

the president. "Jess so, sah-jess so. I'll begin again, sah. Feller-citizens an' feller-patriots: Go back wid me 3,000 y'ars an' stan' on de banks of de Tiber. It am night an' de-"Brudder Chewso, what has 3,000 y'ars ago got to do wid de twenty-four applicashuns for divorce in Chicago in de space of fortyfive minits one day las' week?"
"Nuffin, sah."

"Den let 'em alone." "Werry well, sah. I'll begin once mo', sah. Friends, nayburs and conspirators, what am divorce? A band o' pilgrims leaves England on de Mayflower. Dey sail, an' sail, an' sail, an' finally de crew becomes alarmed an' threatens to frow Columbus oberboard if he doan' turn back. It was-" "Judge, sot down!" called the president.

"Bekase your style of oratory am crack-in' all de plaster on de walls an' puttin' de seazun back at leas' ten days. Ise will-in' to gin you a chance, an' I hope you'll some day be heard in de halls of Congress, but jist at de present date you kin airn \$10 beatin' ca'pets whar' you kin airn 10 cents trin' to ride de steed of oratory. You am a mighty good man when it comes to helpin' move a coal stove or breakin' a mule colt, but de minit you reach oratory your feet begin to slide in all direckshuns an' you soon land on de back o' your head." The judge sat down with a thud which jarred down seven lengths of stovepipe and knocked a leg out from under the stove, and later on it was whispered around the and later on it was whispered around the hall that he intended to resign and make a tour of the country and relate his wrongs from the platform. When order had been restored the Hon. Catalepsy Jones arose to make an inquiry. He had been asked half a dozen times of late whether the club had its special weather prophet for next win-ter's campaign and he now desired to ask for information.

The president replied that the progaged eighteen months ago was sunstruck during a hot spell which he alone predicted,

of risks. The secretary would be instructed to advertise for candidates for the position. and all applicants would be given a fair show to exhibit their qualifications. The committee of the sick reported that Brother Jogalong Speed, a local member livng on Ohio street, was ill and in need of "Did de chairman wisit de house?" asked

"An' did you note de symptoms?"
"We did, sah. Feelin' dat Brudder Speed war' a leetle tricky we insisted on an exmination, an' satisfied ourselves dat he had eally been knocked down an' run ober by a show dat fo'teen different wheels had passed ober him about six times apiece, an' it am our candid opinyun dat he won't be able to run any fut races befo' next December. The treasurer was ordered to pay the vic-tim \$3 per week from the relief fund until further orders, and it was suggested that Jones hunt up the driver of the vehicle and bestow upon him such reward as he deemed

KAFFIR CORN.

Comparatively New Cereal Which Will Flourish in Arid Regions. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The question of successful farming in the semi-arid regions of the great West is solved at last. Kaffir corn, first introduced on the Amercontinent from the Kamr co Africa, less than a decade since, is still an unknown product to nine-tenths of the people of the United States. At first planted here and there as a curiosity, it was found to grow readily in all localities and under all conditions, and experiments developed the fact that it would mature a crop in the dryest and hottest sea-sons on the high Western plains. A more extended planting of the new grain and a omparison of results obtained soon developed the fact that whether the season was wet or dry, cool or hot, long or short, this new product would thrive on all kinds of

soils with the minimum of care and culti-

vation, and planted any time between the first of April and the middle of July it would mature an absolutely sure crop of grain and fodder before the frosts of au-The stalk looks somewhat like a single shoot of common corn, but shorter, attaining a height usually of from 4½ to 6 feet, and having pointed leaves of a rich green color. The grain forms in a head at the extreme point of the shoot, where the tassel is on ordinary corn, the heads being from seven to twelve inches in length and six to eight in circumference, and when ripe look like great white or red plumes.

The grains are almost round, a little larger than a grain of rice and much re-

embling a grain of wheat in interior struc-There are two varieties, red and white, the latter being the favorite crop. Though raised as an experiment here and there throughout the West for several years, it was not until the present year that it became a prominent crop. When the drought of last spring killed the wheat and oats and seemed almost certain to ruin the corn, the few who had had experience with the new grain began to advise their neighbors to plant Kaffir corn, as it would grow all right

in dry weather, and they could thus at least raise feed for their stock. The news-papers took up the advice and soon farmers were planting Kaffir corn, utilizing the ground where wheat and oats had falled or planting on sod or scattered patches where early corn had been burned out. The planting was continued until well along in August, the acreage being in many sections greater than that ever devoted to a single crop. In Oklahoma alone nearly fifty thousand acres were planted with the new crop. And every grain of it planted grew and thrived to maturity, and before the summer was over the farmers began to wonder what they would do with it all. They knew it was good feed for stock, but there was not stock enough in the Territory to consume it, and the product was yet so new that it was not recognized in the outside markets.

Experience had already developed the fact that it made a most admirable feed, either to winter stock or fatten them for market, but with an abundance of the grain on hand, Oklahoma farmers soon discovered that it was better for horses than either corn or oats, making them fat and stout and corn or oats, making them lat and stout and giving them a sleek, glossy appearance.

When it came to feeding hogs it was found that they gained flesh more rapidly than when fed on common corn, and poultrymen have found the Kaffir grain an admirable egg producer, and when fed unthreshed the fowls are given exercise in picking it from the head.

The boys and girls soon discovered that it would pop as well as popcorn, the grains popping out large, white and tender, and women in the country found that boiled like rice the grain was excellent eaten with cream and sugar, that mashed into

weather hap-hazard and running all sorts | was also a first-class substitute for home Still the quantity produced was so great that the people continued to wonder what they would do with it.

The owner of the roller mills at Medicine Lodge, Kan., ran some of the grain through his cornmeal grinder, and produced a meal pronounced in every way equal to the ordinary cornmeal, but he was not content with this, but rigged up a special set of burrs and produced a new product that bids fair a create a revolution in the world's breadstuffs—Kaffir flour.

Some of this flour was made into light bread. The bread was fully as white as bread made from second grade wheat flour, and was sweet and palatable. Samples of this first batch of Kathr bread were sent to various towns, and it was everywhere pronounced equal to bread made from wheat flour, the only difference being its dark color. It is, however, not darker than the ordinary Graham bread, and is pronounced much better in flavor by making the flour in quantity, but could not begin to supply the demand. As the fame gan to make it, until at the present time half the mills along the southern Kansas border and two-thirds of those in Oklahoma are turning out Kaffir flour and meal.

#### AN ARGUMENT.

They Almost Came to Blows-The Trouble Soon Discovered and Everything Now All Right.



It was a quarrel amongst the orwhat alled him or how to cure him. The liver and the stomach and the heart al "pitched into" the kidneys. liver. "You have certain work to do and you don't place to filter all

mpurities out of the body, and you are not "As a consequence," said the stomach, "we are all being clogged, poisoned and irritated. I am irritable and only half digest the food they are forcing into me. Here's the liver all clogged and torpid, the lungs are all choked up, we don't get half enough oxygen, the head is aching, the nerves tingling, the back is aching, and the poor heart is laboring like a sledge hammer. "Even the joints and muscles cry out with rheumatic pains."

"But we can't help it," said the kidneys, "We can't do impossibilities. We are sick and weak ourselves and cannot do our work. Of course, these poisons collect in the blood and irritate and disease you. The moment we stop work you feel it. Your health al-ways did and always will depend on our ac-

And just then an ordinary, everyday, common-sense doctor who knew his business was called in and prescribed Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills. The kidneys promptly responded and set cheerfully to work with renewed strength

and vigor; the uric acid, the waste products of decay and of fever, the ashes of digestion and all the poisons and impurities of the blood were cast out.
"Well, that's something like it." said the lungs. "I'll pitch in and do my work now," said the stomach.
"What a relief," said the liver and the heart, and the joints and the muscles joined The quarrel was over. It was a happy family, working harmoniously once more. This sounds like a fairy story, but it isn't. It's cold, hard, solid facts and common

And you can prove it to your satisfaction at any time for 50 cents. Fifty cents a box, from all druggists. MEDICINE CO., leago. San Franparagus chicago.

